REBELLION OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

IT was past midnight and all was still in the Park, when the animals on the Merry-Go-Round began to sway gently back and forth, grumbling to each other of the dull routine and monotony of their lives.

"Stupid," mumbled the camel.

"Life is a mere existence," roared the lion in a woodeny voice.

"Mere existence," echoed from the hollow beak of the ostrich.

The two black swans who drew one of the chariots stared blankly into each other's eyes and nodded approval of the sentiments expressed.

"My legs are beginning to ossify," muttered the unicorn.

"What can't be cured must be endured," creaked the organ.

There was a sharp rattle as the brass ring slid down the slot and poked his nose out.

"One would think you were a set of rocking chairs. Why don't you show some spirit and set yourselves free?"

"Very fine to talk about, my little friend," said the elephant, "but how is it to be done?"

"Easy enough!" snapped the brass ring. "Swing harder and faster and break away from your iron springs. Then get out and see something of life," and the ring grew eloquent, as he enlarged on the delights of great fields of fresh, green grass, lakes of clear, sparkling water, huge caves and rocky gorges, all within a stone's throw.

"Go out and enjoy yourselves, instead of sitting here night after night like a lot of wooden images," he concluded, scornfully.

The pair of dapple gray ponies, whoch had just received a fresh coat of paint and splendid new manes and tails, whinnied in excitement.

"A capital idea," they cried. "Let us make a bold dash. All together!"

The organ sighed. "I think it's a crazy notion. But if you are determined to try it, I will do what I can to help."

Softly, as if under his breath, the organ began to grind out a lively tune. Slowly at first, then faster and faster the animals rocked and swayed. The brass ring fairly danced up and down in the slot and chinked encouragement, and the tin swords clanked applause.

They were all toppling unsteadily on their high iron springs, when the elephant, being the heaviest, fell headlong to the ground. He picked himself up clumsily, threw up his trunk and ambled off toward the woods.

"Hurrah!" snorted the dapple grays, "here we go!" and tumbling from the platform they pranced stiffly off, in haste to taste the grass.

The black swans flapped their heavy, wooden wings and flew away in search of the lake. The lion, with a jerky bound, managed to clear the railing and stumbled off across the green, and after him awkwardly stubbed the camel and the unicorn, with the ostrich bringing up the rear.

The brass ring giggled as he watched the queer procession and then climbed up the slot to tell the iron rings about it.

Policeman O'Harrigan, who had been sitting in the wisteria arbor to rest a moment, suddenly started up and rubbed his eyes.

"Begorra! is that an ilaphant, or the ghost av wan, I do be seein' behint thim shrubberies?—an' what is that crature betakin' himself over thim rocks? Sure, it has the divil's own horn on its head! An' that quare bird runnin' afther him, with thim long sticks for legs, do be lookin' like an ostrich! Mither of Moses! The Saints presarve me!" he gasped, as from behind a tree limped the wooden lion, straight toward him.

With a wild yell Policeman O'Harrigan jumped to his feet, nearly knocking down Patrolman O'Flynn, who was sauntering through the arbor on the last round of his beat.

"Whatever ails ye, Pat, me bye?" And he shook O'Harrigan by the shoulders. "Wake up!"

"Let go av me!" shouted O'Harrigan. "Don't be standin' here, wid all the wild beasts of the menagery broke loose and sportin' thimsilves on the green! Look at thim—an' the lion makin' straight for us!"

But O'Flynn hung on with a strong grip and laughed long and loud.

"Oh, Pat, it's only the nightmare yez do be seein', asleep here in the wistaria arbor!"

"But I tell yez I seed them wid me own eyes, jist this minit—the ilaphant and the camel and a quare bird like an ostrich an' a thing wid a horn on its head—and the lion! We'll be devoured intirely! Come along wid me and give the alarm, so they may be afther chasin' thim home."

"Now, Pat, don't be afther makin' a fool av yoursilf and gettin' yoursilf discharged. Haven't I been lookin' over the green ivery twinty minits this whole blessed avenin'? And niver a thing did I see! You've been dreamin'." And he gave Pat a slap on the back as he let go of his shoulders and went off into another roar of laughter.

O'Harrigan stood dazed for a second, then he straightened himself with great dignity.

"We'll not be discussin' the matter. I knowd what I seed wid me own eyes wide open. Ye'll be afther hearin' about it in the mornin'. Good avenin'."

He turned on his heel and walked off, muttering, "I knowd what I seed," but the path that he chose did not lead to the arsenal. O'Flynn continued on his beat in the opposite direction, chuckling to himself.

"Well?" said the brass ring, when the animals were once more gathered under the roof of the merry-go-round, as the first glimmer of daylight dawned over the park.

There was no respone; only a sulky silence.

"Well?" said the brass ring again, for he was dying of curiosity; "didn't you have a good time?"

"Do we look like it?" snarled the lion. "I have only three legs left. Caves, indeed!"

The ponies, minus their beautiful new tails, pretended not to hear, as they tried to balance themselves more firmly on their springs, and the camel endeavored to appear unconscious of the fact that his hump was sadly dislocated, as the brass ring looked his way and snickered.

"Rocky gorges were never meant for wooden animals," groaned the unicorn, his horn dangling over one eye.

"Here's where I stay the rest of my life," trumpeted the elephant as best he could with half his trunk gone.

The ostrich said nothing, being headless.

"There's no place like home," wheezed the organ.

Patrolman O'Flynn, still chuckling over O'Harrigan's nightmare, thought he heard a strange noise in the direction of the merry-go-round.

"Howly smoke!" he exclaimed, as he looked over the railing and saw the dilapidated condition of the animals. "Whativer mischief has been goin' on here? There does be something to report at headquarters afther all! 'Tis most strange. Pat said he seed thim! Well, well, well!" and as he continued on his way he ceased to chuckle.

A few nights later O'Harrigan and O'Flynn met again in the wisteria arbor.

"Good avenin'," said O'Flynn, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Good avenin'," said O'Harrigan stiffly.

"Did yez hear about thim findin' the trunk av the wooden ilaphant in them shrubberies?" asked O'Flynn.

"I picked up the leg av the lion me own self, behint that very tree I seed him run from," said O'Harrigan convincingly; "and thim black swans has niver been found yet."

"Dear! Dear!" murmured O'Flynn. "The tramps!"

"I only know what I seed wid me own eyes wide open," said O'Harrigan stoutly.

"Well?" ventured O'Flynn.

"Well?" returned O'Harrigan.

"What do ye say to sittin' down, quiet loike, an' talkin' it over?" and they walked out of the park arm in arm.

Armor-clad like ye olden knight, I'll pinch your toes with all my might

Every boy and girl who has been to the seashore will be able to guess this riddle, and those who never have been there have read enough to know the answer, or can find it in the picture, where several of these "armor clad" animals are hidden. Mark them, cut out the picture and send it to Box 2,000, Station E, New York city. Those who mark the answers correctly will receive a Buster Brown button or a coin purse.

HOW THE TROOPS TALK WITH FLAGS.

THE Signal Corps plays a very important part in modern warfare—so important that army and navy officers say they could not possibly do without it, in spite of the fact that great campaigns were carried on and great battles were fought before it was ever dreamed of.

There are several systems of signalling in use by the army and navy, the simplest of which is that commonly called "wigwagging," a term that was invented for it. Nearly every one knows, perhaps, that the signalling is done by means of small flags, but a brief description of how the flags are handled to convey a message may not be without interest.

The system is an adaptation of the Morse dot and dash telegraph alphabet, the different movements of a flag taking the place of the dots and dashes. By the Morse alphabet the letter A is represented by a dot and a dash, the B by a dash and three dots, and the letter C by two dots, a space and a dot. The other letters are represented in a similar way.

In the army system waving the flag to the right means a dot; to the left, a dash, and dropping it directly in front of the operator means a space. If, therefore, the operator waves the flag once to the right and once to the left he makes the letter A; if he waves it once to the left and three times to the right he makes the letter B, and if he waves it twice to the right, once down in front and then once again to the right he makes the letter C.

This reads like slow work, but it is anything but slow, for the operators are so skilful and quick in the use of the flag that they can give and receive the letters almost as fast as a telegraph operator can give and receive the clicks of his instrument.

The use of a strong field glass enables the receiving operator to read the signals at a great distance. When it is necessary to signal at night a torch is substituted for the flag.

Wigwagging in the navy is done on the same general principle, but the numerals 1, 2, 3 are used instead of dots and dashes. The letter A, by this system, is made by the numerals 2, 2; the letter B by 2, 2, 1, 2; the letter C by 1, 2, 1; the letter D by 2, 2, 2, and so on.

Waving the flag to the right means 1, to the left means 2, and down the front means 3. Two waves to the left, therefore, make the letter A; two waves to the left, one to the right and one again to the left make the letter B; one wave to the right, one to the left and one again to the right make C; three waves to the left make D, and so on.

The navy also uses a flashlight and the steam whistle in combination with the numerals. A short flash or a short blast of the whistle means 1; two short flashes or two short blasts mean 2, and a long flash or a long blast means 3.

Provision is thus made for signalling by day, whether the air be clear or foggy.

The Three Little Browns

The Browns go fishing in the sea,
So they can have some fish for tea.

Leather pocketbooks containing a memorandum book will be sent to the ten boys and girls who color this picture most attractively.

WHEN CACKLE SAVED THE BARN.

"CACKLE must have stolen her nest again," said Mrs. Borden. "I see her go into the barn every day, and yet you say that you cannot find any of her eggs. Suppose you go now and take another look, children; it's pretty late in the season and too warm for her to begin to sit at this time of the year."

"I don't see how mother expects us to find Cackle's nest when it's not light enough to see anything, and she never will let us bring a lantern up here," grumbled Rob. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Janey; I've got some matches in my pocket and I'll light them and find the eggs, and then we won't have to stop our play every afternoon to come up here and look for old Cackle and her nest."

So he produced the few matches for which he had that noon traded several cookies at the village school, and boldly lighted one. The first revealed nothing except the mounds of hay, nor was the second more successful, but by the light of the third they saw Cackle's red comb and bright eyes on a beam far above them.

"There she is!" cried Rob, overjoyed at the success of his expedient. "Now we can tell mother where the nest is, and father or one of the men can go up after it. Hark!" as a peculiar whistle sounded from below, "there's Charley Brown. We're going down to the brook this afternoon; do you want to come?"

Of course, Janey wanted to go to the brook, so Rob extinguished (or thought he did) the match which he held, tossed it carelessly on the floor and, followed closely by his sister, hastened to join his friend.

After the children's hasty exit the attention of the old gray hen was attracted by a sputtering, crackling noise and, peering from her lofty perch, she saw tiny, yellow flames fast spreading in all directions from the spot where Rob had dropped his last match. At first she merely watched it curiously, but when some smoke suddenly rolled toward her she all at once realized that danger was threatening her and her precious eggs.

As soon as she came to this conclusion the old gray hen flew through the fast mounting volume of smoke and down the ladder to the ground, after which she ran like a mad thing, cackling at the top of her voice (any one who had heard her would have acknowledged that she had been well named), straight in at the kitchen door.

Mrs. Borden was deep in a batch of bread, but she at once realized that something was wrong and stepped to the door, from which, to her horror, she saw smoke curling upward from the roof of the barn in more than one place. But the unexpected sight did not cause her to lose her presence of mind. She caught the dinner horn from its nail beside the door and blew several vigorous blasts.

A bucket brigade was at once organized, and some of the neighbors lending their help, the fire was soon subdued and the barn saved, though the hay in the loft was ruined.

HOW TO HAVE A CATERPILLAR FARM.

MANY specimens of moths and butterflies may be caught with the net, but the most perfect ones are procured by raising the caterpillars from which they originate. Raising caterpillars is one of the most interesting of pastimes, because it teaches us to observe the natural growth and development of moths and butterflies. This is more profitable than the mere act of capturing them. A great many people despise the "nasty green worms" of the garden. In fact, they are not worms at all, but caterpillars, worms being entirely different. And who could despise them if he knew into what beautiful creatures the caterpillars will be transformed?

In raising caterpillars we must begin with the egg. Some butterflies lay their eggs around the stems of plants, but generally they deposit them upon the under side of leaves. If you watch closely you may sometimes discover the female in the act of laying them. They are usually laid in clusters.

When you have found a cluster of eggs put them on the top of a box filled with moist sand. In a few days the young caterpillars will appear. They must be fed with the leaves of the plant on which they were found. Most works upon butterflies give two or three species of plants upon which the same caterpillar may feed. If you can find out into what kind of butterfly or moth your caterpillar will be transformed you can discover the different plants that may be used as food. This rule does not always apply, however, for one caterpillar may eat one food plant, while another one of the same species may refuse it.

In case you do not raise the caterpillars from the eggs, but hunt for the half or full grown ones, the following facts should be remembered:—

Caterpillars are found mostly on the leaves of plants. They can be discovered by observing the leaves which are eaten and the frass or ejectamenta which is found on the ground close by.

When caterpillars are large enough they must be transferred to a breeding cage. The thing most essential in making a breeding cage is a crate like those in which strawberries are sent to market. This may be procured at any market for a few cents. The next thing to do is to cover the crate with wire netting, leaving a space open at one of the corners to be used as a door. This space must be large enough to allow a bunch of leaves to pass through it. Put a few leaves of the plant on which you found the caterpillar with it. In a small notebook write a short description of it, including the date of its capture and the food plant. Always do this, for it saves a great deal of confusion if you have many specimens. It may also be used to record the number of moults and the time of each.

Caterpillars while they are growing change their skin four or five times. This process is called moulting. Moulting generally takes place at regular intervals. The caterpillar grows until its skin becomes too small. Then it stops feeding and remains quiet for a while. The skin then splits open and the caterpillar crawls out of it. After moulting the new skin is just as perfect as the old one was, but the coloring may be a little different. Sometimes the part of the old skin that was the head remains attached to the caterpillar for a day or two.

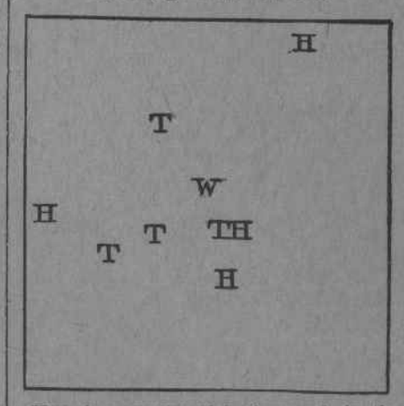
After the caterpillar has finished feeding it is ready to change into a pupa, or chrysalis. The caterpillars of butterflies change into chrysalids without spinning a cocoon, while the caterpillars of moths spin a cocoon, the chrysalis being inside of it. Some caterpillars of butterflies attach themselves to a stone, branch or some other projecting object, while others have a girdle of silk that passes around the chrysalis. Most chrysalids are dark in color, but a few are very brilliant. The chrysalid of the monarch or milkweed butterfly is pale green, with golden spots on it resembling nails.

Some butterflies remain as chrysalids for only a few weeks, while others pass the winter in this state. Most of the butterflies that are three brooded have a brood near winter. Then the caterpillar does not have time to finish its feeding properly, and is compelled to hibernate over winter. Caterpillars that do this are harder to raise than those that do not. They must be kept in a cold place, either exposed to the weather or kept in an ice chest.

When, at the end of the pupal state, the butterfly is ready to emerge from its chrysalis, the coverings part so that the insect can escape. When it comes out the wings are very thin and are folded over its back. The butterfly then clings to a rock and remains there for a few hours fanning its wings, and at the same time rapidly injecting blood into them.

After it has developed its organs it flies away, nevermore to crawl on the ground and to eat leaves, but to sip the sweetness of the flowers and to hover around the highest trees, daring any one to follow.

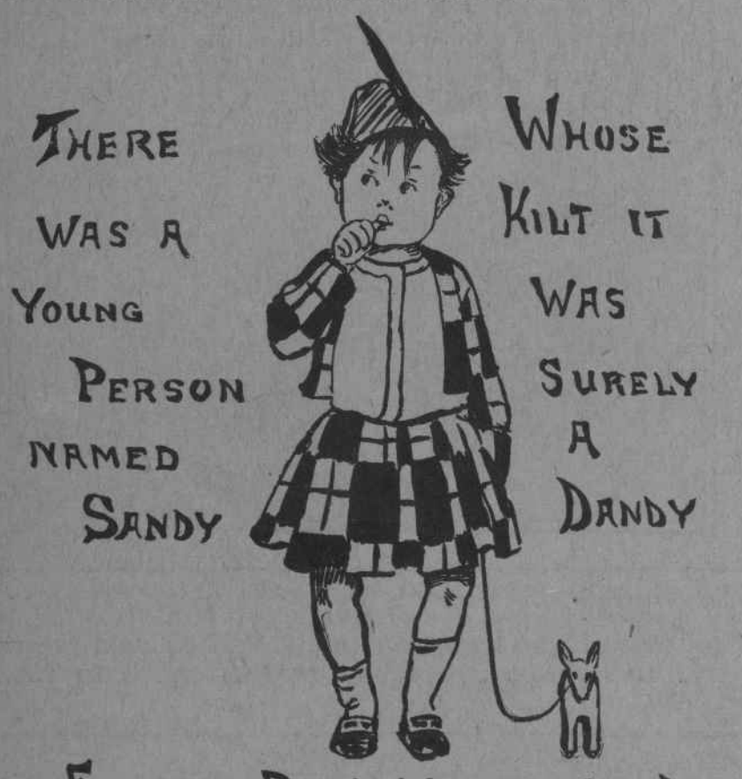
DIVIDE THIS PLOT.



Here is a square plot of ground, in the centre of which we find a well (W), houses (H) and trees (T) in different locations.

The problem is so to divide this plot that each one shall have the same shaped piece of ground, each one shall have a house and a tree on that piece of ground, and each have access to the well without trespassing. It was the surveyor who solved the problem. How many of our readers would like to try to solve it, too?

Jumping Jimfinney, gracious me,
Bread, butter, toast and tea:
High diddle, diddle, the cat can't see
Through ten stone walls and a hickory tree.



THE RHYME OF A GLUTTON.

There was once a young man such a glutton
That he'd eat up a whole leg o' mutton.
He'd put it all in—
Both the bones and the skin—
Without feeling the loss of a button.